CERTAINE
WORTHYE MANV-

scripts Poems of great Antiquitie Re-
serued long in the Studie of a
Northfolke Gentle-
man.

And now first published
By I. S.

1 *The statly tragedy of Guistard and Sismond.*
2 *The Northren Mothers Blessing.*
3 *The way to Thrifte.*

Imprinted at London for R. D.
1597.

To the worthiest Poet

Maister Ed. Spenser.

THE STATELIE *Tragedie of* Guiſtard *and* Siſmond in two Bookes.

The firſt Booke.

TANCREDE the noble Prince of Salurne,
Flowre of Knighthood, and myrrour of proweſſe,
The which long time his people did gouerne
Wittilie by benignitie and gentleneſſe,
Iche man reioyced of his great nobleſſe:
Diſcreete in all thing that was iudiciall,
And euermore Prince-like in things imperiall.

His law he kept iuſtly through his Prouince,
Rigorous to vice, yet bounteous to all,
And mercifull als as euer was any Prince,
And ſhortly as my Doctor makis rehearſall,
His fame had neuer ſpot in all his gouernall,
Til haſty cruelneſſe procured in greate yre
The fatall death of tweyne that loue had ſet on fyre.

A wife he toke, which come of blood Royall,
But of what prince or yet of what linage,
What was her name, or what men did her call,
Nought sayes mine Author: But of high parage
Men may well know, that thus in marryage
Was ioyned with so high a Prince as was Tancrede:
Therefore I passe ouer & take there of none heed.

This noble Prince Tancrede had neuer issue
In time of all his life to be his heire
Saue only a doughter whome Nature & vertue
Excellently indued, so was shee good and fayre.
But ôcruel destiny that mirth does oft appeyre,
And after great gladnes maketh men to morne!
Better had Tancrede bene that childe had neuer (be borne.

But all that was full ferre fro his minde,
He red not in the booke of her Destinye,
Her fatall chaunce was to him derke and blinde;
Let all this passe: This childe was put to norye,
Daily she increased in fauour and beauté
So that when her nonage passed and her youth
Her noble fame & beautè was in ich mans mouth.

If I ſhould diſcriue this beauteous creature,
Nature had her ſpecially in remembrance:
For ſhe was wel fetured & ſeemly of ſtature,
Her chere was rudey according to pleaſaunce,
Aſpere it was to louers her goodly countenance,
Her beautie not made be ſignement ne other gere
But of her kinde as Nature gaue to her.

She excellid in beauté Vlixes Ladie fayre
Penelope of Greece, and eke fayre Helene:
Hypolita alſo, and Emely her ſiſter
Might not compare with her, nor Polixyne:
In ſtedfaſt loue ſhe paſſed Dido the Queene;
Faithfull and true without daungerous diſdaine,
Curteys and deboneyre, ſhe was not ſullein.

As for to ſpeake of her pregnant wit,
Her perfite minde, and her intelligence,
No thing was ſo heard, but ſhe conceiued it;
In ferre ſottell caſting ſhe had experience:
What ſhould I ſay more but ſhortly in ſentence,
She knew more happily than was expedient
Vnto any woman, or ellis conuenient.

Like as the vnhappie fader of yſſue had no more,
But this child onely, ſo loued he her truely:
His heart, his mind, his loue was ſet on her ſo ſore,
That if ſhe were abſēt him thought he ſhuld die;
So that in his minde he is determind vtterly
Euer to keepe his daughter with him in his ſight,
And neuer to graunt her in marriage to no wight:

Tho Princys royall, to whome of high fauour
Fortune had grauntit great inheritance,
Deſyren this feyre Lady to their Paramour
Euer to be true withouten variance
And ſo by matrimony to make Aliance.
But tho Cupid hit them with his firie dart
Yet nolde her fader ſuffer her to depart.

So ſhortly for to tell, this maide fro her deſire
Was alſo needly compellit to abſtaine:
Tho luſtie youth and corage brent her as fyre,
Yet mought ſhe neuer pleaſure of her loue at-taine,
But euer contemned, ſtill liuing in paine
Till many of her luſtie yeris were agoo,
Her owne cruell fader did her all this woo:

It fortund in a time I wot not in what wiſe
Wheder that her fader had compaſſion
Vpon her great woe, or ellis for ſom promiſe
Of good riches, or of poſſeſſion,
But ſhortly to Champayn the Dukes ſonne
He graunted his doughter to haue in marriage;
A man of blood royall and of high parage.

It needith not rehers the rich Apparell
Of thoſe two louers the day of their wedding:
Or to my purpoſe, what may hit auaile
To tell of the curious feeſt, and the guyding?
All this I paſſe ouer, and make no tarying:
I ſpeke not of the myrth & melody that was there,
But for a concluſion, thus wedded they were.

Of ſorrowfull morning now is the clowdie night
By the fyre of loue driuen farre away,
The feruēt ſun of pleſance ſhineth now fulbright,
His freſh luſtie beames hath turned night to day,
Now may ſhe dāce & ſing now hath ſhe luſt to play:
For euer after mourning the mirth is the ſweter,
And after great ſorrow the ioy ſhalbe the greater.

But as luſtie Phœbus with his fierie beames
When his golden Carre hath raught into the weſt,
Anon he withdrawes his hote brenning ſtreames
And then apeiith Phœbe out of her cloudyneſt,
Then comes the night when al men drawn to reſt,
Vntill on the morrow that Lucifer appeare
Called the Day-ſtarre, the daies meſſengere.

Right ſo the feruent Sun of her luſty pleaſance.
Was wrapped with weeping of the cloudy raine:
For within little ſpace of continuance
After their wedding, Death parted hem tweyne,
Iwot not by what meane: her Lord her ſoueraine
By ſickneſſe or by battell I can no knowlech haue,
But ſhortly this Duke-is ſon is dede in his graue.

Alas departure ground of all heauineſſe,
Cauſing the darke night of cloudie diuorſe!
O cruell Death, I meane deſtruction of gladneſſe
Diſdaining the pleaſure of this wofull corſe!
Why would thou thus with thy malicious force
Eclipſe the cleereneſſe of this her ioyfull day
Bringing forth the night, and care, and wele-away?

Falſely

Falſly thou robbeſt her of her harts pleaſure
Taking from her him that ſhe loued beſt.
Alas thou art the common theefe of Nature
That haſt take from her all eaſe and herts reſt.
Wold God on thee ſhe mought call a Queſt
Of Louers: and then for all thine art
Thou ſhouldyſt be do to death with thin owne dart.

What needith it to ſpeake of thine Enuy?
When this woful woman ſhal neuer be the better
For that hath be the cauſe of all her Malady
If it be reherſed, it makys her wo the greater,
Wherefore my pen ſhall write therof no letter:
But thus this woman wepith, & can none other rede,
It helpeth her nothing, for her make is dede.

How ſhall ſhe now be ruled, ſhee takis her councell
Deuoide of comfort, for her lacks her guide:
Anon ſhe hath cōclud within her mind right well
At home with her fader ſhe thinkith to abide,
And there to leaue her ſorrow if it would betide
Whereas all her penance firſt of all was take;
So wedow to her fader ſhe comith in clothis blake.

Things artificiall that be violent
Wrought or ellis made by cauſe accidental
May not euer indure: for when the cauſe is ſhent
The effect thereof ſhall ſone faide and fall.
Why ſhould this woman then lenger, feynt, or pall,
Syth the cauſe of her mourning is fro her mind ycaſt
The death of her Huſband is ſo fer-ſince paſt?

If ſtill ſhe bide, and dwell euer ſtill
In wofull care to continue and indure,
Within ſhort time ſhe ſhould her ſelfe ſpill:
For ſorrow is a poyſon which no man may cure,
It bringeth hearts proude full low vnto the lure,
It maketh ſtrength to faide and alſo Beautè,
It is the greateſt malady that to man may be.

So ſhe ſtill bided in hir faders houſe,
Young and coragious alſo in high degree,
With affluence of all thing that was delicious:
But when at laſt ſhe gan perceiue and ſee
That for loue, hir Fader intendeth not that ſhe
Should neuer more none other husband haue,
But ſtill to dwell with him to he be dead in graue:

Thus

Thus then hath her Fader determind vtterly
Neuer to procure for her no marriage,
And her ſelfe to axe it her ſeemed velonye,
She thought therfore to take her beſt aduantage,
Gife ſhe mought eſpy a man of good linage,
So that he gentil were, to take her owne choyce,
And in the electiō her Fader ſhould haue novoice.

Now this noble Tancrede had in his houſhold,
As in a Princes Court is wont for to be,
Both Lords and Knights couragious to behold,
Som gentlemen, ſom yemen, ſome of low degre,
Among theſe ſhe began to looke and ſee
If ſhe can any finde that were to her pleaſure,
Whome ſhe would euermore loue while ſhe might (endure.

So dayly in her minde ſhe was full diligent,
For to note ech man in his demeanance:
But Guiſtard to loue is only her intent,
And he right well knew by the apearance
Of her chere and her chaunged countenance
That of brennyng loue ſhe dauncedin the trace,
Which hath bound her heart with his goldin lace.

But

But where ſhe ſet her loue he wiſt in no caſe,
Till ones he fortuned to ſtond before this Lady,
And ſhe beholding him with deadly pale face
Not ſpeaking o word, ſhe ſighed greatly
And anon with that ſhe can withdraw her eye
Caſting downe her looke farre vnto the ground,
So womanly ſhamfaſt ſhe ſat a greate ſtound.

And when this young louer now brought in loues
Of her entent had ſuch experience (daunce
He was not dull of wit, but gaue attendance,
Her to ſerue and pleaſe he did his diligence,
Cupid hath ſmitten him with ſo great feruence
Of loue, that their hearts be together bound,
Both periſhed with one dart, two louers with one
(wound.

Right ioyfull he was that he ſtode in ſuch grace
Of this faire Lady But euer he drad fortune:
Alas he ſeyth thy whele turneth in litle ſpace
Thy double chere vnſtable neuer will continue,
More variant then is the flitting Lune:
I feare that thou will cauſe my Lady ſoueraigne
Vpon my ſimple birth of daunger to diſdaine.

Yet

Yet know I her heart ſo true and ſo ſtedfaſt
And ſhee began alſo to proffer loue,
Why ſhould I then feare or ellis be agaſt
Or put default in her? O mercie god aboue!
For all treaſure in earth it wouldnot me behoue
That my hearts ioy, my ladie hereof wiſt
That I ſhuld put in her any ſuch miſtriſt.

And percaſe that if ſhee loued mee not,
Yet would I in her ſeruice ſtill perſeuer:
Mee nead not by reaſon argue, for I wot
Loue hath her heart imbraſt me to loue euer,
What ſhould I ſhortly ſay? for they had leuer
Ych of hem die than to part fro other,
More feruently they loued than ſiſter or broder.

So betweene hem both that loued on this wiſe
They deſired only for their great pleaſaunce
By ſome ſottle meane how they mought deuiſe
For to ſpeake togeder and haue their dalliaunce,
They will not put noe triſt ne noe affiaunce
To any on liue their matter for to tell,
But euer to hemſelues they kept it counſell:

Till

Till it fell on a time of a ſudden aduiſe
The Lady found a mean that was a great cautell,
As oft it faris that women bin ſone wiſe
And in a ſudden caſe they bee right ſuttell:
Shee tels him her intent by wrighting euerie (deale
And the letter cloſed in a reed-ſpyre
Shee tooke it to Guiſtard for to ſtur the fire.

Guiſtard remembred well that for ſom priuie cauſe
The reed was take to him, he did it ſone oncloſe,
And when he ſaw the letter, made a little pauſe
Sitting in a ſtudie and anon he roſe
And to reade this letter can himſelfe diſpoſe,
The which the Ladie made of her owne inditing
She was her own ſecre.arie, it was her owne writing.

The tenor of this letter was this and all the effect:
I ſend you greting with hart & loue entere
Not bold by reherſall my counſell to detect
For dredful ſhamfaſtnes. Wherfore this meſſegere
Shal do this enterpriſe whoſe coũtenance & chere
Changeth for no ſham; therfore theſe letters blake
I pray you diſdaine not to read them for my ſake.
Certefying

Certefying you all my herts pleasaunce
All my worlds rest, my ioy and comfor ture,
That my life, my deth, as in a balance
Dependith and hangith only in your cure,
In you alone is put mine Auenture:
Wherefore I require you that you be not strange,
For I ensure you verily my hert shall neuer change.

And I trow certaine that your gentill hert
Disdeineth not my loue, nor is not dangerous
Considering your birth, and your great pouerty,
And I a Ladie both young and beauteous:
For Cupid knoweth right well & his moder Ve-
That only for your vertue and your gentilnes (nus
I set my loue on you and for no great riches.

But because also my Fader hath made an othe
That I shall neuer wed while he is liuing,
To suffer me depart from him he is loth:
Yet lustie youth like as the fire brenning
Hath chose you for my souereyn all my life en-
And also fortune of her high fauour (during,
Hath shewed me the meane to saue all our honour.

Remem-

Remember there is fast by my faders place
A dungeon deepe & strong farre vnder ground
The which at his entry has no more space
But an hole aboue that litle is and round,
And because it is not vsed ne is found,
With bushes and briers it is ouergrow
So that the dungeon deep ther may no man know.

Out from thilke pit is there a secret way
By a posterne dore that stands full preuely
Strong bars, and posts, both with locke and key
That leadith to the Chamber where as I
Am wont of custom in sleping for to lye,
And by great dis-use this way is out of minde,
This little dore this posterne can no man finde.

Till at the last loue to whome nought is hid,
The which for euery sore can finde a remedye,
This way into my minde sone hath reducid:
But shortly I taried not but hastly did me hie
To vnbarre and vnlock I can looke and spy,
And at the last with great paine and beesy labore
I haue found all the craft for to vndoe this doore.

Be my ſelfe alone I went into the caue,
I ſaw the little hole where is the entering
How and in what wiſe ye may your ſelfe ſaue
Agein all manner perils in theder comming,
The hight and the depenes I ſend you be writing
So that you need not dread for no miſauenture,
Ye know where & whan you may haue your pleſure.

And after this in her indi ting
There was a little clauſe for a concluſion
As is the common vſage in each writing
Whoſe name ſhould be callid Subſcription;
She wrot ther By your owne, and made no mentiõ
Of her name: till after a great ſtound
With ſighing ſore ſhe added to, Siſmond.

What maruaile now if he be not penſiue?
Now he hath rad this letter of comfort
And from his deedly ſorrow turns againe to liue,
Sith he has almoſt raught the luſtie port
Of pleaſance, luſt, ſolace and of all diſport:
Wherefore he haſteth full beſely and hieth
To meet his Ladie as the letter ſpecifieth.

Who

Who now but this Guiſtard with his diligence
To this pleaſant Iourney ſpedith him apace:
Euery houre that he is out of her preſence,
Him ſeemeth for to be a thouſand yere of ſpace:
But tho the ſluggiſh carkaſſe be far fro her face
Yet with the flighty wings of amorous deſire
He is euer in her ſeruice brenning as the fire.

A cord he let adoun anon of great length,
And faſt vnto a Bough aboue he did it tye
Fret all full of knots ſufficient of ſtrength
By which into the pit he mought himſelf cõuey,
To cloſe himſelfe in ledder alſo he did puruey
Fro buſhes and fro briers to kepe him ſewre:
And thus towards the pit he went in this armour.

The bright eye of the world when that the ſhining (day
Withdrawith, and alſo Titan with his ſparkling (light,
Then this young louer takith his iourney
Towards the foreſaid pit: abiding there al night
Till on the morrow Aurora ſhone full bright;
Whē ſom haukith, ſom huntith, ſom to their labour,
Then gins this Ladie to com out from her towre.

Rem em-

Remembring her well, when the night was gone,
Of their couenants made by iuſt appointment,
All her gentyl-men and maydens euerychone
To her garden to ſport and play ſhe ſent
Feyning her to be ſick, and for that intent
She ſaid to her chamber ageyn ſhe would forth right
To taken reſt and ſlepe if ſhe might.

The dores & the windowes ſhe cloſed anon ful ſure,
Then towards the dungeon took ſhe the right way
Where ſhe found Guiſtard her herts pleaſure:
Ioyfully they kiſſed, Then ſhe gan to ſay,
Gramercy fortune that I may ſee this day
To ſpeake with him that is my worldly pleaſaunce,
In whome is all my truſt and affiaunce.

She brought him to her chãber this Lady beauteous,
Her freſh apparrell full Luſty was and gay,
Her ſurcote of gold furryd with Ermin precious,
A fayre mirror of Loue her beautie and ary:
So ſhortly, for to tell, I can no more ſay;
But conſtrue if ye can, louers, what they did,
For I can no more, but long they there abid.

And when them ſeemed beſt they parted in ſondre,
Not long they tary, ne dayly their ſports vſe,
For dayly comming maketh men to wonder,
And eke long taryaunce makith men to muze,
But cheifely womens ſhrewd tongues will accuſe
Your noble fame, and ſey your life is nought,
Tho neuer ye do offend in word ne thought.

Wiſely they prouided to eſchew infamy,
And for all thing ſecret mought be kept
Into the garden went ſhe full haſtely,
Where that her maydens pleyd thinking ſhe ſlept,
And at night Guiſtard out of the pit crept:
So comming thus, and by night parting away,
Continued they their pleaſure till after many a day,

That fortune alas by treaſon falſly compaſt,
Bewrayed all their counſell of miſauenture,
All their luſty pleaſance turned at the laſt
Into cruell deth at their departing:
O thou falſe fortune that euer is onſure,
Bringing herts light to wo when they be well,
It ſeemis thou art not able for to rule thy whele!

It is next in our proceſſe to ſpeake of Tancrede
The noble Prince her fader, which of great fre-
Of tender loue & Ielouſy more then need, (quēce
So he delyted in her ſpeche and eloquence,
That he vſ'd of cuſtome vnder cares pretence
To come vnto the Chamber of his doughter feyre,
And after they had talkyd, agayne home to repeyre.

Explicit Liber primus.

THE SECOND booke of Guiſtard *and Siſmond.*

IN the mery ſeaſon of Summer feyre and hot,
When euery thing renewith by courſe of nature,
And winter with his frosty beard and friesed cote
Is put into exile and may no lenger dure,
Then Summer geuith his liuery with besy cure,
New clothing all the Earth in a lusty greene
All browderid full of flouers right freshly to seene.

Sterring harts light in gardens to walke,
So did this Lady Siſmond for her pleaſaunce
In this freſh ſeaſon, plucking flowres fro their ſtalk
She made her garlõd wherwith ſhe thought to daũce:
But in the meane while, alas the vnhappy chaunce,
Her Fader, of a Cuſtom as he was wont to do,
Only to talk with her is to her garden go.

But

But when he perceiuit she was in her disport,
Right loath he was to let her recreation,
He would for nothing his doughter discomfort,
Neither disquiet her till she had all done,
Forth into the chamber entred he full sone
The curteyns were draw by the bed side,
He sat behind the curtein his doughter to abide.

And as he sat still, sleep did him encumbre,
He waxed all vnlisty and also somnolent,
Then to the bed lened he began to slumbre.
O thou vntristie fortune what is thine entent?
To distroy this Lady it seemith thou hast ment.
Where thou may bewray, it is not kept counsell;
That should be counsel kept, thou tellist euery deal.

O princis doughter Sismond infortunate by birth,
O houre vnhappy when thou began to soiourne
With Loue in his Palace: The pleasant Sun of mirth
Ys comin to his hiest, & beginnith to turne.
O slow malicious meeuer, thou cursed Saturne,
I trow by some enuy or malicious aspect
Of all this feruent loue thou hast broken the affect.

Poore Siſmond thinking no deceyt ne guile
Partid fro her maydens & to her chamber went,
And ſo forth to the pit: wher in a little while
She found her Guiſtard all readye preſent,
For a little before (alas) for him ſhe ſent:
And when they wer in comin, they put no miſtriſt,
They know no body there, they did what they liſt.

Now when her fader ſee the abhominable Crime
After he was out of his ſleepe awake
He thought haue cryed: but for a litle tyme
It ſeemed him beſt to let his anger ſlake
And eaſily within himſelfe this payne to take:
He made no ſtirring, but ſat euer ſtill
Till they had done their pleaſure at their owne will.

And after that departed as before,
Guiſtard to the pit, and ſhe to her women:
Her wofull fader would tarry there no more,
But home he went in haſt, and callyd for his men,
Of which he ſent a certain to the den
For to take Guiſtard when he ſhould goe hence,
And ſo to preſent him to the Kings preſence.

When

When this man come vp, anon they him arreſt,
With dread and pale viſage for dread he ſhooke,
All they had ruth on him both moſt and leaſt,
But forth in that Array they there him tooke,
They brought him to the Prince, & he did on him
For great wrath and anger very pale of chere, (loke,
Seying vnto Guiſtard as ye ſhullen after heare:

Guiſtard, he ſeyd, my loue and tender fauor, (you
The mekenes & gentyll hert that I haue ſhewd to
Hath nothing deſerued ſo great a diſhonor
To mee and mine as ye haue doe right now,
Seing my ſelfe all thing, what ye did and how:
That truly ſo I mought my worſhip keepe and ſaue,
I would I were dede and beryed in my graue.

(hert
This great rebuke and contumele went euen to the
Of Guiſtard that for ſhame cannot ſpeake o word,
Till at the laſt with corage forth he ſtert,
Saying no more but this: Remẽbreth wel my Lord,
Experience I trow will to my ſentence accord:
The mightie power of Loue is a ſtronger bond
Then other ye or I am able to withſtond.

But all his excuſe was euin ſamfayll,
So was his mind with malice and ire obumbrate,
Alas where malice reigneth may non excuſe auail,
A great abuſion is a ruler to be paſſionate.
O ye princis therefore to whom of high eſtate,
The guiding is committed of noble nations,
Well ought ye take heed to rule your paſſions.

Permit not your willfull Senſualitè,
Geinſt wiidoms councell for to put reſtreant:
Be not ruld only by your voluntè,
Oppreſſing by power him that is weak and feynt,
Whereby your noble fame is hurt and attaynt.
It cauſeth your people alſo in tyme of your diſtreſſe
To withdraw their fauour and herty faithfullnes.

To euery gloſing tale giue no credence,
Let not haſty cruelnes guide your iudgment:
Remember well or ye define your ſentence,
What ſhalbe the end and what the hole intent:
Rule your ſelfe diſcretly by good auiſement:
Remember the prouerbiall ſeying long agoo,
A cruell haſty man ſhall neuer lack of woo:

Preeued

Preeued well by Tancredes cruell haſtineſſe,
Committing Guiſtard anon to cloſe preſon,
Putting him in Irons and in great diſtreſſe,
As a traytor guiltie of falſe prodicion,
And afterwards alas agein all reaſon
This innocent was do to deth ſo cruelly,
That ech man abhorrith to here that tyranny.

What man of his wit is ſo dull and herd,
That cannot think herby of ſorrow augmentatiō?
The gret thought this Lady had for her Guiſtard
Sore trobled in her ſleep by fearefull viſion,
Her mind was ſet on him with ſuch oppreſſion,
That both of wele and wo all his auenture
Was ſhewed her in ſleep by a feyned figure.

I trow ſhe ſee full dreadfull viſions and dreamis
When her loue was preſoned in that wofull night,
In weeping her eyne waterid like two ſtreemis,
And euer ſhe thought Guiſtard ſtood in her ſight
Holding a cup of gold, with an hert al blody dight,
Himſelfe eke ſprent with blood did her ſalue,
Seying: Farewell Siſmond, thys is my laſt adieu.

She

She thought her anſwere was to him anone,
Alas will ye ſo ſone make a departure,
And voyd of comfort leue me thus alone?
Ye ſhall not ſo dere hert: For certain I enſure,
I ſhall but once drinke and do my beſy cure
To go with you euer: how ſo your Iourney turne
Mine hert and yours ſhall ay togeder ſoiourne.

And ſodenly with that out of her ſlepe ſhe ſtert
As a woman from her ſelf, ſhe was ſo ſore diſmaid,
She thought of very deth the ſword went to her
And thus weeping by her ſelfe ſhe prayed: (hert,
O myrror of all women Mary ſhe ſeyd,
From all ſhame and velony my loue & me defend,
And helpe that my dreme to me none pretend.

All theſe and many mo thingis conuenturall
May well be ymagined by perſuation:
But all this is feyning as dreme fantaſticall,
And therof mine Author makith no mencion,
So that I think to make no manner digreſſion,
Encreaſing any thing that is not pertinent
To my firſt purpoſe or to mine entent.

Wherfore

Wherefore I will proceede to ſpeake of Siſmond,
Which of Guiſtards dureſſe had no notice
Saue only by her dreams, till after a great ſtound
Tancrede to her chāber com as was his old guiſe,
And ſhe anon with reuerence did again him riſe
Welcoming her fader with obeyſant lowlines,
The which ſeyd vnto her as I ſhall expreſſe:

Doughter Syſmond, he ſeys, your womanly Ap port,
Your vertuous talke and carefull demenaunce,
Your ſtedfaſt hert and guidance gaue me ſuch
Truſting in your hert with hole affiaunce, (cōfort
That ye of voluptuous Venus the luſty pleaſance
Without aſſent giuen, I meane of mariage,
Would not haue take your ſelfe leaue for all your
(corage.

But well I ſee my wit was dull and blynd,
For ſure I would haue demid the great occaſion
Shuld ſooner haue dryed flaming agein kinde,
Thē ye wold euer haue thought to be a miſ-womā;
For had I not ſeen the deed in what place & whā,
Shuld neuer man haue cauſit me haue ſuppoſaill
Ere that you would ſo done but in your ſpouſaill.

Remem-

Remember well what hurt therefore and damage
Ye did vnto your birth and blood royall,
When ye like women of brothel and proſtrage
Toke what com to hond as the chaũce would fall:
It ſeemis ye put no difference twixt Get & Chri-
All one to you a flint and a Diamond, (ſtall:
Peaſin as good as Perles orient and round.

From all womanhode you be degeneraunt,
Which of worſhipps ſouerance is euer deſperous;
But ye peruert all this, ye be ſo variaunt,
Taking in ſteed of worſhip, luſt voluptuous,
And ſikerly the offence were not ſo grieuous
Had ye taken ſuch as had be commendable,
To your noble birth or elis conuenable.

But in all this region yt ſeemith by your choyce,
Lord, knight, ne ſquire was none to your pleaſure
Of royall blood, in whome ye couth reioyce,
Saue only poore Guiſtard, whoſe birth & auẽture
Fortune of diſdain hath take no thing in cure:
Which for great pouert in time of miſery,
Without my releife had dyed for penury.

So

So that my creuell deth dayly doth renew,
Death? nay more then deth I may call it truly
Percing my breſt ay freſh, new and new,
By the ſhameſaſt ſword rebuke and velony,
Which you haue do Siſmond to all our Ancetry,
Chuſing ſuch one to be my Londs inheritaunt
As is by birth ignoble and poore mendicant.

Wherefore I verely puꝓoſe to repreſſe
His great inhaunced pride and great preſumtion
Condemning for his ryot in payne and dureſſe,
Intending the law ſhall haue due execution,
Shortly ſhall he die, this is the conclnſion
Vtterly I am determined for his great offence:
But of you Siſmond I giue yet no ſentence.

For I may reſemble as in my ragious minde,
A ſhip without anckre, lacking ſterne alſo
In ſtormy rage of euery furious winde,
It is a thing vnſtable wauing to and fro,
Semblable now am I one of thoo:
My doubtfull minde is brought in perplexité,
And caſt fro ſide to ſide twixt iuſtice and pité

Furſt iuſtice meueth me to do correction,
Rewarding euery wight to their deſert,
Some loue, ſome payne with great affliction,
But faderly pity ſo ſtirrith my tender hert
That it ſufferith mee not ſee nor aduert
Your criminall offence, but rather doth it excuſe;
So that twixt both I ſtand a man confuſe.

And forthwith anone he fell to weping,
As a young infant ſore ſcourged and bett,
In all worldly pleaſaunce reioyced he nothing
Sorrow and ſhame ſo by the hert him fret,
Seying nothing thus ſat he ſtill and muet:
Doughter he ſeyd gif ye will axe mercy,
To pardon your offence forſooth I am redy.

But when Siſmond ſaw how her loue Guiſtard
In preſon was intreted kept in yron ſtrong,
That fortune to her alſo was ſo cruell and hard
To publiſh her councell that ſecret was ſo long,
With gentilles and rurals it was a commen ſong,
That euery man within the country round
Spake of the vnhappy Guiſtard and Siſmond.

Wherfore

Wherefore ſhe plunged ſo far in pit of ſorrow deep,
That I trow ech hart that gentill is & tender
If I ſhuld tel her payne wuld alſo mone & wepe:
Full oft ſhe wrung her fingers long and ſlender,
Seying; all wordly pleaſaunce here I ſurrendre:
For ſithence my loue Guiſtard is iudgid for to dy,
I will doe the ſame, I thinke not to abye.

Wherefore ô curſed Fortune with thy double chere
All thy great malice wholly I defy,
Setting no thing by thy deynous daungere,
Thou ſhall vs nor depart for all thine enuy,
For our loue togeder ſhall dwell perſeuerantly:
And turnid to her fader with corage and boldnes,
Seying as in this booke myne Author doth witnes:

Tancrede, ſhe ſeyd, Fader if I ſhuld ye call,
Nother will I denie it, nor prey you of fauour:
The furſt it will helpe me nothing at all,
Sith ye haue full knowledge of my Paramour:
But for the ſecond, to axe grace or ſuccour,
I will not axe no grace for that in no wiſe,
Nor of your grace and fauour aſke no benefice.

So

So that I knowlich plainly all mine entent,
My loue is ſet on Guiſtard,& hath be many a day;
And ſhalbe when my ſpirit and ſoule is went
From the brotle manſion of this bodies clay:
If nature would me helpe meane to puruey
That I mought execute mine affection and will,
Yet would I after my deth euer loue him ſtill.

And if ye thinke this Loue ſo great a cryme,
For ſooth the cauſe thereof was your negligence
When in youth and corage my luſty prime
The brenning fire of loue with ſo great feruence,
Perſid myne hert: And yet your cruell inſolence
Would not me ſuffer for all my great payne
After myne husbands deth be marryed againe.

Had ye well learned the doctrine of prudence,
Ye wold remember your ſubſtance materiall,
I trow it ſhould be imprinted in your aduertence,
That you bene made of matter freale and carnall,
Right ſo am I your doughter by vertue ſeminall;
I am nother of ſtone yron ne braſſe,
But of fleſh and blood more brekill than the glaſſe.

Altho

Altho your head be white snowid for age,
Your frosty lims eke be vnweldy and cold,
The hete ny extinct of your lusty corage,
Right well ought ye forsooth consider & behold
How hote is youth with brenning pricking mani-
Assayling ech man be he neuer so haute (fold
With many a fyry dart and hote brenning assaut.

Aboue all thing ye shuld haue memory,
Tho ye haue spent most of your lusty seasons
In arms of knighthoode and of cheualrye,
Yet shuld ye not forget, as seemis by reason,
Ease, rest, and dilicates what great increason
They giue to sterre a man to corage hote feruent,
As well in crooked age as lusty Iuuent.

All these occasions I had and many moo
By which I meuid was so gretly desirous,
Borne by Natures course of flesh and blood also,
Of corage lusty young and amorous,
Fosterid also in pleasaunce and metes delicious:
And that that stirred most, & was my cheife motife,
The experience therof sith I was a wife.

But all this is ferre fro your remembrance,
Ye think not your youth which is paſt & goo,
Ye may well reſemble him in your demeanaunce
Which fell into the water with others one or two,
But after he was deliuerid of his care and wo
Thought nothing at all where he had bin beforne,
His fellows he rebukith, laughing them to ſcorne.

And if ye haply couth rule your paſſions
Nor ſet nought by their force and violence,
Yet mought not my frailté geinſt ſuch occaſions
Make no champarty nor no great defence,
My hert was not ſo big to make reſiſtence:
So at laſt woundid, at laſt with loues fiſie launce
I was ſubdued as priſoner to Caſtle of Pleaſaunce.

Natheleſſe with deuour I put my diligence
All ſklaunders and infamie to auoid and eſchew,
And fortune of her fauour gaue vs aſſiſtence
Our luſty ſport oft tymes for to renew:
We thought her promiſe had be ſtedfaſt & true,
Blandeſhing vs euer with countnaunce and chere
As tho the ſun of pleaſaunce ſhuld ſhine euer clere.

But

But now I see right wel shee ginneth for to change,
Sith ye of all our counsell haue plainly notice,
Such is false fortune, ay variant and strange:
But how ye come to knowledge or in what wise
My wit is rude and dull, I can it not deuise;
Whether by experience or by information,
By force prestigious, or some superstition.

And wold God your knowlech were certain & true
Not meued ne made by false suggestion,
Ye wold not then your doughter thus pursue
Seing that I erre in mine election
Taking no sad guiding or direction:
But let my reuell rén at the hole chaunce,
I nas not so fool-hardy without deliberance.

For I set not my loue ne my fatall intent
Of sudden hap as a comen velayne,
But with deliberation and auisement
I gaue my loue to Guistard as my Souerayn,
And truly to no mo, this is, certayne:
Wherefore ye be to blame fader, yt semith mee,
To sey my loue was to ych in like free.

As to the great repreeue also contriued,
Which alder first ayen me ye obiect,
Seing of pleasaunce my ship was ariued
In a port that was ignoble and despect,
I mean that Guistard was pore and deiect
Hauing no part of nobleſſe by discent,
Which maketh my fault greater after iudgment:

But as in this ye follow the vnstable vulge
Clacking and blasting, variant as the winde
As fame the flying messenger can diuulge
Their rude opinions ignorant and blinde,
Seing it is a prouerbe sufficient and kinde
Hee that is not borne to habundance of good
But needy for pouert, is not of gentle blood.

Thus by fond reasons daylie talking they erre
Not thinking how fortune fro her vnstable center
Plongeth downe Estats fro her wheele aferre
When she list of daunger to frowne & repent her:
But would they first weigh the originall enter
Of our common birth in all our first beginning
Brought forth into this world poor naked & weping,

Then

Then ſhould they remember who were of nobleſſe,
Who might intitle him to the blood royall:
They ſhould ſee how Nature whith her beſineſſe,
Brings forth her effect & wondrous gifts all,
Being as in her birth to euery man egall:
For as naked is a King borne as I vnderſtond
As is the lowiſt borne that neuer had houſe ne lond.

(Caine,
For when our moder Eue brought forth Abell and
Who couth prefer himſelfe for birth or linage,
Or of theſe two infants who couth the title clame
Of gentle blood of nobleſſe or parage?
That time no difference was twixt gentle & page,
But euery one was fayn to endeuour
His liuing to get with ſweat and with labour.

Of all this time was none bond in ſeruage,
Was none by ſeruice vnder ſubiection,
Till that the people gan to rule and rage
Guiding hemſelfe by will and not by reaſon
Offending their lawes by their tranſgreſſion:
Then of right and Iuſtice they muſt bee correct
Of one their ſoueraigne, and they to him ſubiect.

But he that ſhould bee ruler and haue regency
May not of right bee ſuch as a tranſgreſſour:
Agen all due order of nature is it trewly
That vice ſhold ſit aboue as gouernour:
But when that vertue gentleneſſe doth honour
He is of right prouided ſoueraigne,
Although his birth is poore, this is certaine.

Of this wiſe was Moſes and Gedeon alſo,
The noble duke Ioſuah of God himſelfe elect,
And ſcripture reherſeth eke of many moe, (iect,
Which though for their birth were poore & de-
Yet were they for their vertue choſed to direct
And guide the people. So ſhortly it is true,
There is no gentleman ſaue only by vertue.

Then fader Tancrede in all your great houſhold
Remember well your gentles in their geſture,
The guidance eke of Guiſtard if you liſt behold,
His lowly demeanance with all his hauiour,
I trow yee affirme that madam nature
Hath graunted more to him than many of tho
Which yee call gentlemen, tho all they bee not ſo.

And

And truly I heard neuer ſuch relation
In praiſe and laud of Guiſtards nobleſſe,
As I haue often heard by your aſſertion
Commending his Vertues and his gentleneſſe,
Yet was his vertue more than the name doubtles:
Hee that ſaith Guiſtard is no gentleman,
Forſooth he ſaith vntrue and little good can.

Had yee him called poore yee had not greatly erred;
And yet forſooth it is great velony
To bee with you a gentleman vnpreferred,
Such one as tends on your ſeruice daly,
A gentle maiſter bids not his man needy,
And though needie pouert take fro a man riches
Yet reues it not nurture nor gentleneſſe.

As for your doubtfull ambiguity
What doome to giue of mee, or what ſentence,
Bee not in doubt thus nor perplexity,
Dye he, I dye with cruell violence:
For I was roote and cauſe of this offence.
For thy, if you will not my death compliſh,
Theſe cruell honds my life ſhall ſoon finiſh.

For iuſtice knoweth with her egall ballaunce,
Which rightwiſe iudge is vnto euery wight,
My fault is more than his in ponderaunce:
Why then ſhold not her ſword mee ſharply ſmite
Sith that in my perſon is all the wite?
Reaſon wold that I ſhold haue correction,
Which was the very cauſe & the occaſion.

And if your pleaſure be at my requeſt
To chaunge his mortal fait with merciful pardon,
I for your finaunce giue that ye loue beſt,
Mine owne life I meane I giue you to guerdon:
For ſley yee Guiſtard, this is the concluſion,
Let your fooliſh haſtines your doughter ſley alſo:
For if ye do it not, my ſelfe ſone ſhall it doe.

The prince her fader anone perceiued well
Her chear nought abaſhed, her hert not feminine:
Yet thought her not ſoe tigrous and cruell
To procure her owne deth, and her mortall fine:
Hee thought her loues feruence world decline,
If the fire were not kindled ay new and new
By the ſight of Guiſtard comfort of her hew.

Wherefore

Wherefore Tancrede meaning his ire to compliſh,
Sent forth his men by night ſo priuily
To ſley Guiſtard. Oh Tancrede thou might wiſh
Siſmond had not be borne: for her noble glory
Is macculate by this thy tirrany,
Commaunding the bloodie hart with violent force
Furiouſly be rent from his dead murdered corſe.

Tancred hath cloſd this hart ſprēt with blood round
In a cupe of gold in ſtead of ſepulture,
And by a meſſenger ſent it to Siſmond,
Which doth her diligence with buſie cure
Intending her owne deathfor to procure,
Of herbes and roots to make a potion
Mixt in a viole with venemous poyſon.

And what the bearer ſaid ſhortly to expreſſe,
Madam, he ſaide, your father hath you ſent
This woefull donatiue to your nobleneſſe,
The thing you loued beſt he ſends you to preſent,
Telling you that it is his whole intent
To giue you of Guiſtard ſuch ioy and comforture,
As ye gaue him of Syſmond. This was his pleaſure.

When

When Siſmond ſaw the hart cloſed in gold,
Shee vnderſtoode her ſoueraigne was deed:
Alas now been deathes Kalenders ſo cold
Entred this Lady, now can ſhee no rede,
Now is ſhe wan the flower of woman head
That ſometime was the mirrour of fayrenes,
The orient margarite of all gentleneſſe.

Voyde of all comfort ſat ſhe ſtill diſmaid,
Till at the laſt with bold hardy courage
Beholding the meſſenger, thus to him ſhee ſaid,
It were ayen reaſon to put you in dammage
Onely for the doing of your meſſage:
But for my fader I giue you inwitting,
Ye ſhall on my behalfe beare him no greeting.

For he reſembleth more in his wood rage
A tyraunt than a prince ay thirſting for vengaũce,
Which no whit couth his paſſion aſſuage,
Nor all his life himſelfe culd auaunce
To ſuch worſhip, as when his violence
Let this heart be ſhrined in a tombe of gold,
And in this only his goodnes may be told.

And when she list no lenger talke continue,
Viewing the bloody hart in wofull sepulture,
She gan his Exequy with pitious intune,
Saying with faynt Spright; o peece so pure,
Hostage of lowly lust, very port of pleasure,
Cursed might he be and waried eternally
Which causeth the be seene with mortall eye.

Sufficient was to me and eke more pleasaunt.
To view the with my minde with thy lusty sight,
Of true loue ay stedfast and not variant,
It is too much to see thee thus in light:
But now thy course is done, thy counts are quite,
Thus Fortune hath compliſhed thy fatall syne
Buried in gold in stede of Lybitine.

I trow no lack was of what should behoue
To deadly faite and seruice funerall,
Saue teerling teares of her that was thy loue,
For weeping shold be at departing mortall:
Wherefore I trow my fader at thy bane fatall
Hath sent thee to my chamber of full remembrance
That I shuld bewail thy dethper soluing al obseruāc.

And I ſhall fulfill with my power and might
All thing requiſite to thy mortuarye:
And after all is done by cuſtom and right
I ſhall yeild my ſelfe to death tributarie,
Suing thy fearefull trace: for ſooth I ſhal not tary,
But among other in deathes wofull daunce,
Following next thy hond as is my fatall chaunce.

In whoſe felowſhip, or whoſe comitiue,
Might I better paſſe that painefull iourney,
Than in his whom I loued moſt on liue?
And alſo he tarryeth for me I dare well ſay:
Wherefore ſith his partner was alway
Of pleaſure; I ſhall take part of his payne,
Death ſhall not vs diſſeuer thus in twayne.

And anon with that her chere ſhe gan to turne,
Her eyne in weping ran like ſhowrs of rayne,
Till ſhe had waſh'd the hart filling the vrne
By the ſtilling water of her eyne twaine:
And after ſhe had ceaſ'd weeping againe
Beholding the hart againe with deadly chere,
With ſobbing voice ſhe ſaide as ye ſhall here.

O ioyfull hart, ô amiable mirrour!
Now lacks there nought required of duty
Vnto deadly fine and funerall honour
Saue only this that I might follow thee.
But for it seemith that death disdaineth mee,
I shall therefore my selfe with violent force
Disseuer my spirit fro his wofull corse.

Alas my wofull penne sorroweth to write,
That lamentable end of this Tragedy,
Who couth without weeping this matter indite,
To se so faire a creature dy so wretchedly,
Of beauty surmounting and well of curtesy?
Shee tooke alas the vyole with the potion,
That she had made afore, & dranke vp the poyson.

After she had dronke that pestiferous drought.

Desunt nonnulla.

So came he in with pale affrighted chere.
Saying ſweete Siſmond be of good ſembland,
If ye thus mourne it will bring mee to diſpaire:
Thus he ſuppoſed to looſe her of her band
With his wordes of cõfort, but death was at hand
Crampeſing her limes, and gone was her ſight,
Yet ſhe anſwered againe her fader as ſhe might,

And ſaide, Tancrede beſtow better, if thou can,
Thy tears, for they ſtand mee in no effect:
Thou reſembleſt him that firſt ſlew the man,
And after him repenting ſore bewept:
Had it not be better him to haue kept
Thy ſorrowfull doughter with ioy then liuing
At hir owne pleaſure ſecretly a man louing,

Than to ſee by thy cruell execution
Her hard death to thine endles languor?
The which death ſhall bee a direction,
Giuing open knowledge of this error
The which was ſecret, but now the rumor
Shall make the thing which was not fully knowen
Through all the wide world to bee ouer ſowen.

An

And in ſo much ſhee might no lenger ſpeake
Nor throwes of death no lenger would delay,
She holds the cup till her hart gan to breake,
Yelding vp her ſpirit to God euer and aye:
There was but Alas, Alas and welaway,
Some wept & cryed and ſome fell in ſownd,
It was a piteous ſight and a piteous ſound.

The wofull fader ſo ſory in that ſtound
Seing his moſt ioy in this world ygon
He made a great ſtrike falling to the ground,
No moe wordes ſpake he, but dead as any ſtone;
Thus was there griefe on griefe,& mone vpō mone.
Wherefore it hath be ſpoken long agoe
That an haſty creature wanted neuer woe.

Vpon this Prince thus may be verifyed,
Which was too haſty and furious certaine,
Without iudgment cauſing the man that he dyed,
Whoſe cruell death hath his doughter ſlayne,
And for her death he tooke ſuch ſudden payne,
He dawed neuer good day, but he was dead,
And all the world wondreth at his folyhede.

Enſample of this euery wiſe man take
What it is to be cruell in violence,
And of a ſecret thing a wonder to make
Through haſty ire wanting of prouidence:
Euery man remember his owne negligence,
And vice into vertue to plant or to root:
For truly againſt loue there is no manner boot.

For certes it is of true louers the guiſe,
When their vexation is moſt ſharpe and ſore
Then loue they each other in moſt hartie wiſe
An hundred fold more then they did before:
Youth will to youth, loue will to loue euermore,
And ſhortly in my minde this proceſſe to conclude,
Each thing will draw to his ſimilitude.

As betwixt theſe louers plainely did appeare,
Which were both young and in flowring age:
For their great trouble they loued better yfeare,
And paſſed of death the dreadfull viage:
Alas the letting of their mariage
Was cauſe of this miſchcefe and their fall:
Lo what it is to be agen ſpouſall!

Wherefore

Wherefore that prince ſtandeth in great perill,
That to the law of wedlock nold incline:
But as a tirant ouer feirce and fell
Cauſed Guiſtard be put in mortall fine:
Of whoſe ſoule if I ſhould determine,
I truſt to God his faithfull intention
Hath furtherd him to his ſaluation.

For why? he thought none harme of earthly wight,
But to the will of Siſmond did aſſent,
Notwithſtonding that I truſt to God almight
Shall be to his ſoule none impediment;
For to haue bee maried was their intent:
Then recken the ſorrow ſhee had withall
And great contrition to her end finall.

That as I truſt ſhe is in bleſſe celeſtiall,
As of faith and troth all louers ſurmounting,
See was a mirrour vnto women all,
Example of true and ſtedfaſt loue giuing:
Wherefore I beſeech him that is of all thing
Lord and gouernour, and comfort agen bale,
Graunt all louers ioy. And thus endeth my tale.

Explicit
Guistard and Sismond.

FINIS.

THE NORTHREN MOTHERS BLESSING.

The way of Thrift.

VVritten nine yeares
before the death of C.
Chaucer.

LONDON,
Printed by Robert Robinson for
Robert Dexter. 1597.

THE

NORTHERN MOTHERS BLESSING.

The way of Truth.

VVritten nine Years before the death of Chaucer.

LONDON,

Printed by Hobert Robinson for Roger Iackson. 1597.

The Northren Mothers Blessing.

GOD wold that euery wife that wonnyth in this (land
Wold teach her doughter as ye shal vnderstand,
As a good wife did of the North countré
How her doughter should lere a good wife to bee:
For lack of the moders teaching
Makes the doughter of euill liuing,
My leue dere child.

My doughter gif thou be a wife, wisely thou werke,
Looke euer thou loue God and the holy Kirke,
Go to Kirke when thou may, and let for no rayne,
And then shall thou fare the bet, when thou God (has sayn;
Full well may they thriue
That seruen God in their liue,
My leue dere child.

Gladly giue thou thy tithes and thine offrings both
To the poore at thy gate, be thou neuer loath;
Gif hem of thy good, and be not ouer hard;
Seldom is that houſe poore there God is ſteward.
For that is beſt I ſpende,
That for Gods loue I lend.
My leeue deere childe.

When thou ſits in the Kirke thy Bedes ſhalt thou bid,
Therein make no iangling with friend ne ſib,
Laugh not to ſcorne nodir old ne young,
Be of good bering and haue a good tongue:
For after thy bering,
So ſhall thy name ſpring,
My leeue dere child.

Gif

MOTHERS BLESSING.

Gif any man with worſhip deſire to wed thee,
Wiſely him anſwere ſcorne him not what he be,
And tell it to thy friends and hide thou it nought,
Sit not by him nor ſtād not that ſin mow be wrought:
For gif a ſlaunder be once rayſed,
It is not ſo ſone ſtilled,
My leeue dere child.

What man that ſhall wed the fore God with a ring,
Looke thou loue him beſt of any earthly thing,
And meekly him anſwere and not too ſnatching;
So may thou ſlake his yre and be his darling:
Faire Words ſlaken yre,
Suffer and haue thy deſire,
My leue dere child.

Sweete

THE NORTHREN

Sweete of ſpech be thou and of milde moode,
True in word and dede, ſo bids our Lord God,
And keepe the euer doughter fro velony and ſhame
That men for thy doing ſpeake the no blame:
Good life ends wele,
Be true euer as the ſtele,
My leue dere child.

Be of fayre ſembland and of good manere,
Change not thy coũtnance for ought thou can here,
Ne fare not as a giglot what euer thee betyde,
Laugh not too loud ne gape not too wide:
Maydens ſhould laugh ſoftlye
That men here not they bee.
My leue dere child.

When

MOTHERS BLESSING.

When thou goes by the gate go not too faſt,
Ne bridle not with thy head, ne thy ſhoulders caſt,
Be not of mony words ne ſweare not to gret,
All euill vices my doughter thou foryet:
For gif thou haue an euill name,
It will turne the to grame,
My leue dere child.

Goe not oft to the towne as it were a gaze
Fro one houſe to odir for to ſeeke the maze,
Ne go not to market thy barrell to fill,
Ne vſe not the Tauern thy worſhip to ſpill:
For who the Tauerne vſis
His thrift he refuſis,
My leue dere child:

Gif

Gif thou be in place where good drinke is on loft,
Wheder that thou ſerue or thou ſit ſofte,
Meſurely take thou, and get the no blame;
Gif thou be drunken it turnes the to ſhame.
Who ſo loues meaſure and skill,
He ſhall ofte haue his will,
My leeue dere child.

Go not to the wraſtling, ne ſhoting the cock,
As it were a ſtrumpet or a giglot:
Be at home doughter and thy things tend,
For thine owne profit at the latter end:
Mery is owne thing to ſee,
My dere doughter I tell it thee,
My leue dere child.

MOTHERS BLESSING.

Acquaint the not with euery man goes bythe ſtrete,
When folks thee beſpeaken curteſly hem grete,
Let hem not by the wey, nor by hem doe not ſtond,
That they with velony make not thine hert bond:
For all men are not triſty,
Gif they ſpeake to thee gayly,
My leue dere child.

Of leſe men doughter gift thou none take,
But thou wote wele how ſone it forſake:
Men with their gifts vemen oregone
Gif they of herts be herd as ſtone:
Bounden is he or ſhee
That gifts takis ſecurely,
My leue dere child:

In

THE NORTHREN

In odur mens houſen make thee no maſtrye,
Ne blame thou nothing thou ſees with thine eye,
Doughter I the prey bere thee ſo wele
That all men may ſey thou art true as ſteele:
For wiſe men and old
Sayne good name is worth gold,
My leue &c.

Be thou no chider ne of words bold,
To miſſay thy neighburs neder young ne old,
Be thou not too proud ne too enuious
For thing that may bety de in odir mens houſe:
For an enuious hert
Procures mickle ſmert,
My leue &c.

MOTHERS BLESSING.

Gif thy neighburs haue rich inſtore or tyre
Therefore make thou no ſtrife ne bren not as fire,
But thanke God of goods he has thee yeuen,
And ſo ſhalt thou doughter good life liuen.
For oft at eaſe he is
That loues peace I wis,
My leue &c.

Huſwifely ſhall thou go on the werk-day,
Pride, reſt, and idlenes put hem cleane away,
And after on the holyday well clad ſhalt thou be
The haliday to worſhip, God will loue the,
More for worſhip of our lord
Than for pride of the world.
My leue &c.

Gif Mekle

THE NORTHREN

Mekill ſhame doughter ſhall that wife tyde
That maken poore their husbond with their great (pride:
Therefore doughter be huſwife good,
After the wren has vaines men may let blood.
For their thrift wexis thin
That ſpend more than they win,
My leue dere child.

Wiſely looke thy houſhold thy meynye,
To bitter ne to boner with hem ne bee,
And looke what neede is beſt to be done
And thereto ſet thy meiney ſone:
Before done deede
Another may ſpeede
My leue &c.

MOTHERS BLESSING.

Looke to thy meyny and let them not be ydell,
Thy husband out, looke who does much or litell
And he that does well quite him his meede
And gif he doe amisse amend thou him bidde,
And gif the work be great and the time strait
Set to thy hond, and make a huswifes brayd
For they will do better gif thou by them stond,
The worke is soner done there as is many hond
My leue &c.

And looke what thy men doon, & about hem wēd,
At euery deede done be at the tone end
And gif thou finde any fault soone it amend,
Eft will they doe the better and thou be nere hand
Mikell him behoues to doe
A good house that will looke to.
My leue &c.

THE NORTHREN

Looke all thing be well when they worke leauen,
And take thy keyes to the when it is euen
Looke all thing be well, and let for no ſhame
And gif thou ſo do, thou gets thee the laſſe blame.
Truſt no man bett than thy ſelfe
Whileſt thou art in thy helth:
My leue &c.

Borrow not too gladly, ne take not to treſt
But the more neede it make or the more breſte
Make the not rich of oder mens thing
The bolder to ſpend the worſe thriuing
For at the ending
Home will the borrowed thing
My leue &c.

MOTHERS BLESSING.

Giue thy meiney their hire at the terme-day
Wheder they abiden, or els gone away
Be wise euer doughter of their doing
That thy friende may haue ioy of thy prouing
Loose not the loue of thy frind,
For a litle that thou mighst spend.
My leue &c.

Now haue I taught the doughter, so did my moder
And therfore do therafter gif thou think to the(mee
Look or thou wed any mā, that he haue a good name
True of hand and tongue without any blame:
For better it is a childe to be vnborne,
Than for vnteaching to be forlorne.
My leue &c.

Sit not at euen too long at gaze with the cup
For to waſſell and drinke all vppe,
So to bed betimes, at morne riſe beliue
And ſo may thou better learne to thriue:
He that woll a good houſe keepe
Muſt ofte-times breake aſleepe.
My leue &c.

Gif it betide doughter thy friend fro the fall
And god ſend the children that for bread will call,
And thou haue mickle neede, helpe litle or none,
Thou muſt then care and ſpare hard as the ſtone:
For euill that may betide,
A man before ſhould dread,
My leue &c.

Of

MOTHERS BLESSING.

Of all thing doughter looke thou thinke,
Gif men wold for worſhip ſet thee on the benk
Be not too ſtatly doughter noder young ne old,
For ſome folk are now pore that ſomtime ware gold:
Many folk for pride
After weren a naked ſide.
My leue &c.

Gif thou be a rich wife be not ouer hard
Welcome thy neighbours that come the toward,
Giue hem meat and drink, the more is thy meed
Each bodie to his ſtate ſhold giue the pore at need:
For thing that may thee betide
Loue well thy neighbour thee beſide
My leue &c.

Take heed to thy children which thou haſt born
And wait wel to thy doughters that they be not for-
And put hem betime to their mariage (lorne
And giue them of thy good when they be of age.
For maydens bene louely,
But they bin vntruſty.
My leue &c.

Gif thou loue thy children hold thou hem lowe
And gif any of hem miſdo banne hem nót ne blow
But take a good ſmart rod and beat hem arowe
Till they cry mercy and their gilts bee know.
For gif thou loue thy children wele
Spare not the yard neuer a deale.
My leue &c.

Now

MOTHERS BLESSING.

Now looke thou do doughter as I haue taught thee
And thou ſhalt haue my bleſſingthe better may thou
And euery maiden that good wife wold bee (the
Do as I haue taught you for ſaint charity:
And all that ſo will do God giue hem his bleſſing
And ſend hem all heauen at her laſt ending.

AMEN.

Explicit.

THE WAY TO Thrift.

LOrd God what is this worldes wele,
Riches, reuell and great aray?
Nothing to ſpare, and all day to ſpill,
Full ſone it waſtes and weares awey.

When plenty may no lenger paye
What wight with him wold then abide?
A carefull man both night and day
With heauie hart his head muſt hide,

And all is for default of grace,
That God grutches ayenſt our gouernaunce
When meaſure may not medle in place.
What is it to a man more grieuance,

Than ſodenly fro manhood for to fall
In pride his ſimple purueyance
There pouertie is ſteward in hall:
But hee that can in ſome ſeaſon

Gedder and keepe or that hee grynde
In winter tyme by way of reaſon
Hee ſhall not be farre behinde.
For ther as meaſure is in mynde

God

THE WAY TO THRIFT.

Good rule may not long faile,
Yet beware to bee ouer kinde
For ſkoring in the comiter tayle;
But wele and worſhip with welfare
Mickle waſtes with little winne
Full ſoone brings a houſholder bare,
With large ſpending both out and in,
Then bee aduiſed or thou beginne
That thou haue none need to plaine
Think what a ſtate thou ſtandeſt in
For Pouerty is a priuie payn,
And if thou haue hope of help and triſt
Of lords and ladies with her pleaſance
And yet beware of Had I wiſt
For old enuy makes new diſtaunce
In pride and pouerty is great penaunce
And yet is danger moſt diſeaſe
Here is a cumberrouſe acquaintance
When noder of hem oder pleaſe
For Had I wiſt comes euer too late

When

THE WAY TO THRIFT.

When there lackes both lock and key,
What nede is then to ſpare the yat
When nothing is leaued in the way
With a pennyleſſe purſe for to pay
How can he then his people pleaſe
Many a man had a leue dye,
As long to liue in ſuch diſeaſe,
A bare beard may ſoon bee ſhauen
There as is none heyre about
It faireth as a man that mickle wold hauen
And is not elſe but poſe and proud,
But euer ready in ilke rout
And lay to wed both pot and panne
When the fire clean is blowne out
Where ſhall wee go dyne than?
What need is it to delue deep,
There as is no ſeed to ſowe?
The pot is eaſie for to keep
When all the fat is ouerblowe,
Noder for the kyte ne for the crow.

Incumber

THE WAY TO THRIFT.

Incumber not thine owne neſt
Too mickle bend will breake thy bow
When the game is alder beſt
Enſample men may ſee all day.

Yet keep I no man to defend
Hie houſhold and great aray
Is Lords life and Ladies game,
When gladſhippe growes into grame

And for need muſt begge and borrowe,
Firſt comes pride and after ſhame,
And from ſolace turnes to ſuddain ſorrow.

FINIS.

x61369